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Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd :
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd ; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield."—B. iv. l. 990.

" Tra hebai hyn y dorf engylaidd fflau
Fal tân rhudd, yn llymâu i loerawl gyrn
Eu catrawd, ef dechreuent amgylchâu
Gan waewawr rhagion, tewed â phe maes
I Ceres à wanega addfed lwyn
Ei barfawg dwys, y ffordd y rhwysga gwynt ;
Yr ammaeth o bryderu saif yn brudd,
Rhag ar ei lawr ei ysgub droi yn us.
Tu arall ofnai Satan, a chrynöi
Ei gyflwyr rym gan ymbelaethu, efe
A saif fal Tenerif neu Atlas, na
Symuded : oedd hyd awyr fry ei faint,
Ac ar ei bènial seddai arswyd erch
Ei bluawr ; idd ei angad nid oedd byr
A weddai waew a tharian."—P. 128.

Fearing to trespass more than I ought on your pages, I shall, for the present, close my imperfect notice of what I conceive to be the most prominent beauties of *COLL GWYNFA* ; and, with your permission, I will return hereafter to the subject. In the mean time, I hope I may be allowed, as an admirer of our national literature, to express my gratitude to Mr. Pughe, for having so successfully vindicated the peculiar excellencies of that language, to the improvement and cultivation of which he had before so largely contributed. For I cannot but regard *COLL GWYNFA* as the most classical specimen of the Welsh tongue, which the present age has produced, at the same time that it confers upon Wales the distinction of having furnished the most faithful, and, perhaps, the most spirited translation of the sublimest of all English poems.

LDWAL.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. IX.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I have had in my possession for many years a printed collection of Welsh airs, foolscap size, the greatest part of the

title page of which is torn, so that I cannot find by whom it was published, which I regret exceedingly, as it contains some very judicious and valuable remarks on British music. What remains of the title runs thus,—“Antient British Music, or a Collection of Tunes, *never before published*, which are retained by the Cambro Britons, (more particularly in North Wales,) and supposed by the learned to be the remains of the music of the antient Druids, so much famed in Roman history.” From some *memoranda*, written in several parts of the book, I find that it has been published more than sixty years; should any of your correspondents have a perfect copy in their possession, by giving the name of the editor through the medium of the CAMBRO-BRITON, they would oblige me.

Among the other contents of this musical work are some curious remarks on the ancient history of Welsh music, and its probable origin with the Druids, for which, indeed, we are not without the most satisfactory authority. At least, it is generally admitted, that music formed an essential part of the profession of the ancient bards, who held an important rank in the Druidical institution. All the observations on this point, however, in the volume before me, are not strictly to be depended upon, some of them being more curious than accurate, for which reason I shall, for the present, postpone my intended examination of this interesting subject*, and proceed to notice a few of the melodies comprised in the present collection.

“Sidanen†,” or *The Silken Fair One*.—This air appears to

* It is unquestionable, that music was cultivated by the inhabitants of this island in very early ages; and of which the national custom of singing *pennillion*, still retained by the natives of Wales, is among the strongest proofs. By this practice a great variety of ancient musical compositions has been traditionally retained. It deserves also to be noticed, that to play on the harp, and to tune that instrument are reckoned among the twenty-four Welsh games, of which some account was given in the thirteenth number of this work. In the year 1100 Gruffydd ab Cynan, Prince of Gwynedd, established new regulations for the minstrels of Wales, and improved and illustrated the twenty-four canons of music. There is a valuable MS. of his regulations in the Welsh School, with a specimen of the ancient notations, which have been published in the *Archæology of Wales*.—ED.

† Mr. Jones gives this air, in his collection, in a different (yet I think improved) manner.

have been intended as an instrumental rather than a vocal strain; for the compass is too extended for the voice, and the divisions are too long. Yet, there is in the melody a vast deal of spirit.

“Hoffder Arglwydd Strain,” or *Lord Strain’s* Delight*, is an air very little known, I believe; I never, however, recollect to have heard it played. It is in the style of the “Queen’s Dream,” but the division of the strains (or parts) is unequal, the first consisting of 18, and the second of only 16, bars or measures. This irregularity often perplexes the singers, who are obliged to rest, or hurry over a few bars, in order to finish with the harper.

“Margaret verch Evan” is a very peculiar melody. The harmony at the commencement is on the *dominant* or 5th of the key, instead, (as is generally the case,) on the key note itself; but it is purely Welsh, very plaintive, and well calculated for a song on a sentimental or religious subject.

“Dynywared yr Eos,” or *Mock Nightingale*.—This air is in Mr. Jones’s collection, but rather different from the one before me, which may be easily accounted for. As most of the harpers in the Principality were accustomed to play by ear, and not from notes, it is natural to conclude, that a few alterations would creep in; and, indeed, the harpers are very fond of making their own flourishes, as they call them. One would expect from the name of this melody, that an imitation of the “lonely bird of night” would be introduced; but we look for it in vain. It is in a minor key, and, among the many feathered warblers I have ever heard, I never met with one that did not chaunt in the major key; but we may account in some measure for this *misnomer*. The nightingale is never heard, I believe, in many parts of Wales; so the composer, having been told that it was the “bird of sorrow,” adapted the melody accordingly, as a country artist, in former days, painted the cherubim and seraphim with wry faces, because he had read, that they “continually do cry.”

“Sweet Richard.”—Although I had often heard this air, and always admired it, I did not think it a Welsh one, until I found it in this collection, but attributed it to Handel, or some of his contemporaries. It is, however, a most beautiful melody, and a great favourite among the Welsh harpers. *Richard Roberts* of Carnarvon, who won the silver harp at the Wrexham Eisteddfod, very judiciously selected it; and he performed the brilliant

* Is this name correct?—Ed.

variations on it with a neatness and energy, that delighted the company*. It is equally calculated for the piano forte, and ranks with Purcel's (or rather the Welsh) ground, as a lesson for that instrument.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN PARRY.

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ASCENT OF CADER IDRIS†.

THE party, intending to ascend Cader, comprised only the junior part of the family, including the young ladies, Mr. Harper, and myself; and, when the day destined for our jaunt arrived, we left Garthyngghared, eight in number, at nine A. M.,—the ladies on horseback, and the gentlemen a-foot, accoutred in light fustian jackets, straw hats, and stout shoes. It was a lovely morning, as we traversed the dark heather hills, which rise behind the comfortable mansion, from which we set out: not a cloud was there to dim the bright azure of the heavens, and the morning sun shone bright on the green valleys beneath us.

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
 The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
 In unapproachable divinity,
 Career'd rejoicing in his fields of light.
 It was a day, that sent into the heart
 A summer feeling; even the insect swarms
 From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
 To sport in one day of existence more.
 —the rocks and glens,
 The forest, and the everlasting hills
 Smil'd in that joyful sunshine,—they partook
 The universal blessing.

The distance from Garthyngghared to Cader Idris is nearly ten

* A new edition of this air and variations has been lately published as performed at Wrexham.

† The following lively account of an excursion to Cader Idris is extracted from a MS. entitled "Recollections of a Visit to Merionethshire, in 1819," another part of which was inserted in the third "Walk round Dolgellau," in the last number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 117, and where this excursion is also alluded to. The reader cannot fail to recognize, in this account, the work of a correspondent, to whom the CAMBRO-BRITON is already indebted for many interesting contributions of a similar nature.—ED.